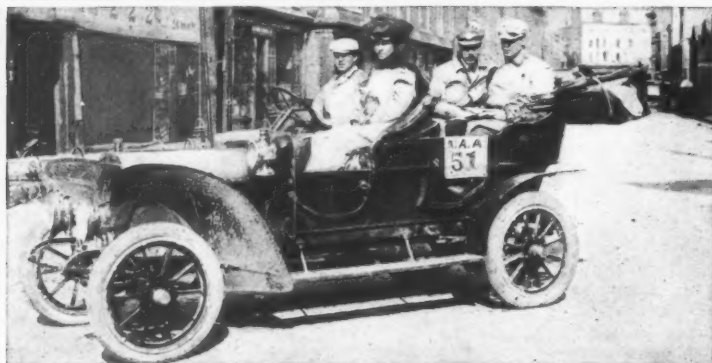


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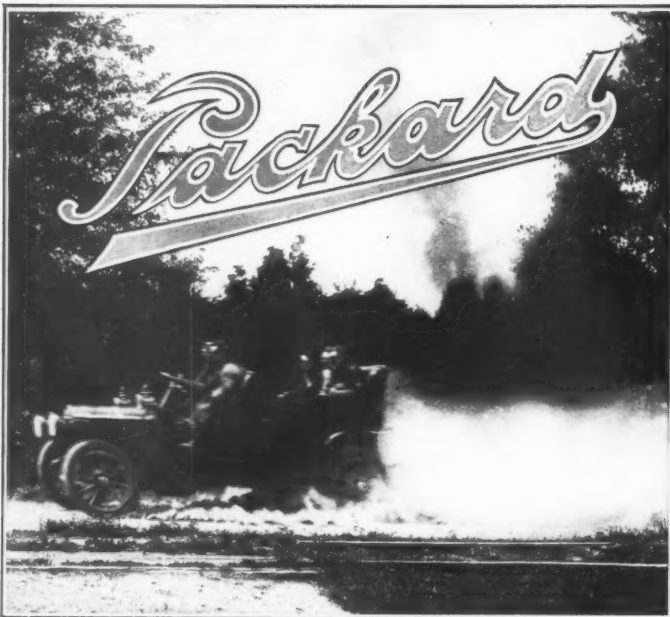
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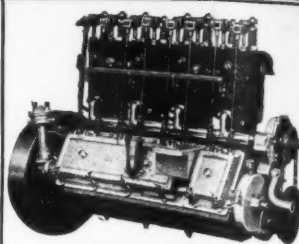
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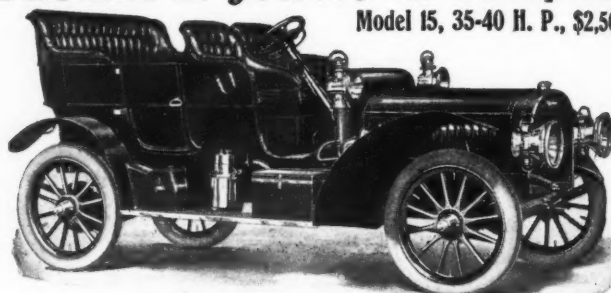
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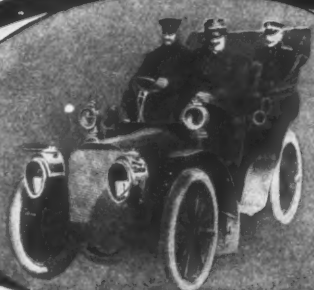
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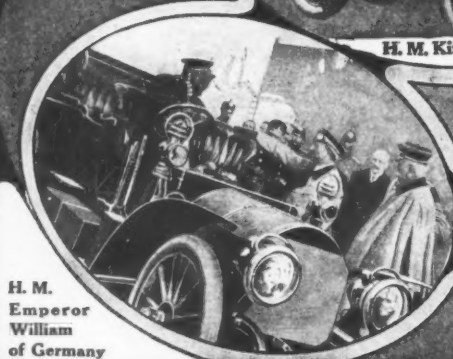
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CONCERNING A RECENT DECISION

FROM a vast number of comments on the recent curious opinion delivered by the Appellate Division in the matter of LIFE's critic against the Theatrical Trust, the following are selected as showing different views the decision called forth:

Unbiased Telegraphic Service

The hand of the press agent is very apparent in the somewhat flamboyant special dispatch from New York announcing that James S. Metcalfe, the theatrical critic of LIFE, "lost his fight against the Theater Managers' Association to-day, when the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court decided that the managers committed no crime in excluding Metcalfe from their theaters," and more especially in this unwarrantable and asinine editorial comment included in the dispatch: "The decision is a complete triumph for the managers, with corresponding defeat for critics like Metcalfe, who believe themselves entitled to go to any lengths in their condemnation of productions that displease them, whether their animus arises from personal prejudice against the producer or a dislike for the playwright or actor."

Of course, Mr. Metcalfe has not lost his fight and will not have lost it until the Court of Appeals has confirmed the decision of the Appellate Division, which the Court of Appeals, so far as the *Democrat* and *Chronicle* can see, isn't in the least likely to do.

So much of it as holds that, for this reason, managers are entitled to conspire together to injure a citizen in his business and reputation, the *Democrat* and *Chronicle* holds to be ridiculously bad law, and shall continue to do so until it is advised to the contrary by the Court of Appeals.

The editorial comment included in the special dispatch is utterly silly and maliciously false. The decision is not a "complete triumph for the managers" for reasons already stated. The case isn't over yet. Nor is it "a corresponding defeat for critics like Metcalfe, who believe themselves entitled to go to any lengths in their condemnation of productions that displease them, whether their animus arises from personal prejudice against the producer or a dislike for the playwright or actor." In the first place, neither Mr. Metcalfe nor any other critic ever believed anything of the sort, and, had any such belief existed among critics, there is nothing in this decision of the Appellate Division to modify it. The decision has nothing whatever to do with the rights of critics. No critic has and no critic ever thought he had a right to "roast" a production because of anything but its own badness, but every critic has a right to say in the plainest and most emphatic English at his command just how good or just how worthless and bad he honestly thinks a production to be, without the slightest regard to the feelings or the business interests of any one concerned. That is what he is for. That will be his right and his duty, so long as dramatic criticism continues to exist, and all the managers and all the courts there are can't alter the situation.

Managers seem to forget the real gist of this controversy, which is the fact that the newspapers can get along without dramatic criticism a good deal better than the managers can. Moreover, the newspapers thoroughly appreciate this fact, even if the managers don't.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

The Real Reason

The Theatrical Trust has at last gained a victory and it is safe to say that the public will miss many delightful criticisms from the pen of James S. Metcalfe next season. Nevertheless, the fact that he is kept out will give the public a fair idea of what kind of a show is going on. The trust still desires his praises, although they fear his censures.—*Troy Press*.



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Its Effect on Critics

Mr. Metcalfe was kept from the theaters because of the way in which he criticised the performances and the men behind them. His brilliant ridicule hurt far more than did the more strenuous blows of some of the other critics, and his case was really a test case for those who follow the same calling. The play-going public must put faith in the word of the critic to a large extent, and the critic is supposed to be trained and able to tell the public whether certain plays are worth seeing. It is his duty to guide the theatergoer to plays which are good, and to warn him against those which are of no value. But now, according to the ruling of the New York court, the value of honesty in a dramatic critic seems to have been eliminated. If he says that a play is of no value, has but few redeeming features and is an entertainment which the public would do well to avoid, the theatrical managers can simply band together and issue an order to their henchmen that in future this critic shall be barred from the theaters. No excuse is needed beyond the fact that the critic has told the truth about a bad play, has probably influenced some people who put faith in his expert knowledge to give the piece a wide berth and, thereby, made his presence obnoxious to the all-powerful managers. The decision is a great victory for the Theatrical Trust, but it is a bit hard on the trusting public and a heavy blow to the honest dramatic critics.—*Springfield Republican*.

The Primary Cause

Although he did not condemn certain plays any more than did some other critics for other journals, he certainly did manage to make his condemnation much more offensive to proprietors of theaters in manner rather than substance.

Some commentators on the case call his work "brilliant ridicule," and they say it "hurt far more than the more strenuous blows of some of the other critics," and this bears out the theory that the offense was more in the manner than in the fact of censure.

The managers were offended, at all events, and adopted the policy of refusing admittance to the offender.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

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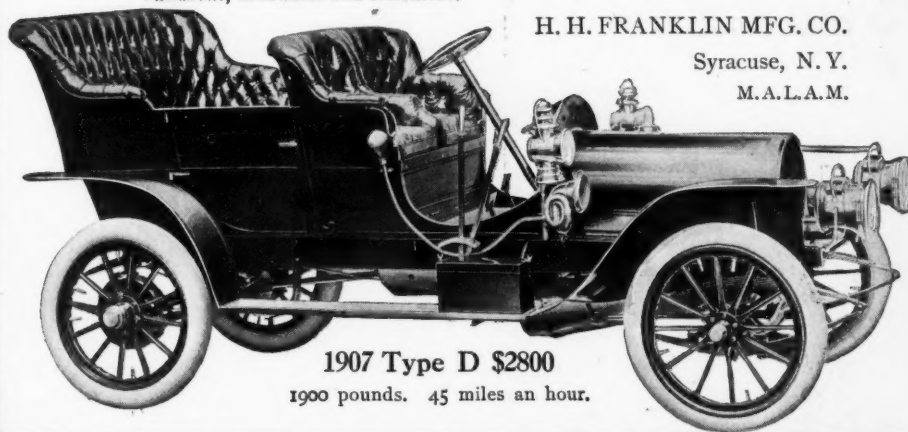
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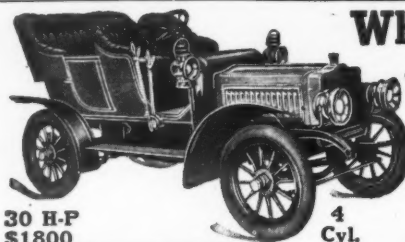
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We have all of us, in our opinion, given to the theater an importance which it does not deserve. Now that we find that the business is purely a private one, it may be that we shall learn in time to treat it as such. Columns have been written on the theory that the theater was an institution in which the public had a legitimate interest. Now we learn that it is no such thing, for the managers may choose their public, may exclude from it such portions of the public as they please, may, indeed, exclude the whole public. Yet there is place for criticism of a certain sort. For the newspapers owe a duty to the public even if the theaters do not. It is, or ought to be, their business to tell the people honestly about the plays that are offered so that they may know whether or not they are worth spending money on. As a result of these decisions we fear that this duty will be even less courageously performed than in the past, for the critic will always fear that he may be excluded, and so may not be able to tell the people anything.

We doubt whether the managers themselves will care to pursue their advantage any further. They have won a victory, but it is only at the cost of having their business declared a mere private affair with which the public—as the public—has no special concern. It must be admitted that many of them have for years acted on that theory.—*Indianapolis News*.

Curious Law

The decision of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court in the case of Metcalfe against Hammerstein will, if it stands as the law of the land, give all critics something to worry about. If the association of theater managers can bar a man out of their houses because he speaks slightly of their shows, why cannot an association of boarding-house keepers refuse to take him if he finds any fault with their table? Why could not storekeepers decline to sell him anything if he spoke in disapproving terms of any of their goods? Why could not railroad companies keep him off their cars if he murmured at the rates of fare or the rough road-bed? Why, a man might be deprived of every necessity of life, starved to death, frozen to death or driven to suicide in this decision of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court is sound law.—*Portland Argus*.

They Couldn't Conceive Such a Revenge

The members of the Theatrical Trust, who re-venge themselves on LIFE by excluding its dramatic critic, Mr. J. S. Metcalfe, from their several houses of entertainment, have been upheld in their disputed right so to do by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Now let them heap coals of fire on the head of their beaten foe by sending him a season ticket for all of their shows. We dare say he would not accept the courtesy, with its implied obligation, but that would be an elegant riposte for the managers, all the same.—*Buffalo Commercial*.




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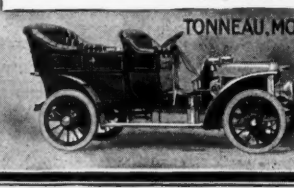
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Sees the Absurdity

This legal idea that theaters are absolutely private property was doubtless sound enough in the earlier days of dramatic representation, when the question was first so decided in this country. But since that time the theater has become charged with a public use. Like the hotel and the restaurant, it is thrown open by its proprietors to all comers who comply with terms which are prescribed equally for all, and an agreement to serve is thereby implied. To allow managers to exclude, by way of personal discrimination, any of the public to which they thus open their doors is to exempt theaters alone from the responsibilities attaching to most if not all other businesses which are charged by their proprietors with a public use.

In the Metcalfe case there is still another consideration. Inasmuch as several managers conspired to exclude Mr. Metcalfe from all the theaters they represented, a question of conspiracy as well as revocable license was involved. In an English case, for instance, it was once decided that any spectator at the theater may freely express disapproval by hissing, and, consequently, that the whole audience may do so; but that a conspiracy to hiss for the purpose of personal injury would not be tolerated. Applying that precedent to Mr. Metcalfe, it might be said that even if the theaters could lawfully exclude him at will, each for reasons of its own, they could not conspire to exclude him pursuant to a general purpose to injure him. But, the broad ground of criticism of the New York decision is its treatment of a place of business, so notably of a public character as the theater, as if it were a purely private and personal place like the front yard of a cottage.—*Chicago Public.*

The Natural Result

On the strength of the decision a manager who did not like the opinions of certain dramatic critics might have them excluded from their theaters at any time, so that the public would read nothing that was not favorable to their productions.—*Editor and Publisher.*

Hard on the Public

According to the decision there must be specific law in New York to cover such a point. For instance, New York has an "equal rights" law, which makes it a penalty for a hotel man, restaurant keeper, saloonist or the conductor of any business house to refuse the patronage of negroes because of their color. It seems that there is no such equal rights law in regard to critics attending theaters. How the case would result were the critic a negro is a topic which would furnish food for interesting speculation.

This decision, however, applies only to the State of New York. In other States decisions have been made on both sides. In some the theater is held to be a licensed house of public entertainment to which no person of good character and the price can be denied admission. In others the New York view of the subject is taken. So New York furnishes no precedent.

From the public standpoint, it is unfortunate that critics can be debarred from New York theaters because their writings don't please the managers. It will be harder than ever now to find the truth about the productions in the public prints, for it is plain that the truth-teller will soon come under the ban.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) News.*

How About the Shuberts and Belasco?

A theater is not, declares the court, a public house and the proprietor of a theater has the right to refuse admission to anybody whose presence is offensive or undesirable. That Mr. Metcalfe has chosen to make himself objectionable to all managers who happen to be Jews is a notorious fact.—*American Hebrew.*



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HELP ME QUICK!"
Absent-minded Doctor: WHY, CERTAINLY—LET'S SEE—TONGUE COATED, RATHER FEVERISH, TAKE ONE OF THESE POWDERS EVERY TWO HOURS AND I'LL CALL AGAIN IN A DAY OR TWO.

It Seems That Way

There was evidence that the members of the Theater Managers' Association had taken concerted action in the matter. They had agreed to exclude Metcalfe from their houses, and the question arises whether they had not thereby entered into such a conspiracy as the law forbids.

It is an acknowledged legal principle that because an individual may do a certain thing by himself it does not follow that he can rightfully do the same thing in concert with others. There may be an illegal conspiracy to do an act not in itself illegal and it looks like a fairly debatable question whether the agreement of the theater managers to exclude Metcalfe from their houses does not come within that category.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

The Theater a Peanut Stand

This is somewhat at variance with the popular idea that the theater is an institution in which the public has a legitimate interest. Indeed, it probably is opposed to the idea of the proprietors themselves. They, their playhouses and their people have always been regarded as public property in the strictest sense. The public felt a sense of proprietorship and of responsibility for the successes and failures of theatrical ventures, but it seems now that all this was wrong, and that the public really has no more interest, in a broad sense, in the theater than in the peanut stand at the corner. It is simply a private business, like that of a retail grocery, and if the proprietor doesn't want to sell to you he doesn't have to. This, of course, applies only to New York, and it remains to be seen whether the highest court of New York—the Court of Appeals—will sustain his position.—*St. Joseph Press*.

Western Americanism

Of course, the theater may exercise, must exercise, the right to bar out persons who offend the others in the audience by any unseemly behavior. This is but guaranteeing the constitutional right of the "pursuit of happiness" to the others in the theatrical audience. But that the press should be muzzled by the New York Court of Appeals, in the case of Metcalfe, of *LIFE*, against the Frohmans or the syndicate, is another story. This is surely the taking away of the also constitutional right of "freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press."

We cannot see how the West can accept this decision, how it can give "full faith and credit" to the decision of the New York court. It is not a creditable performance.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

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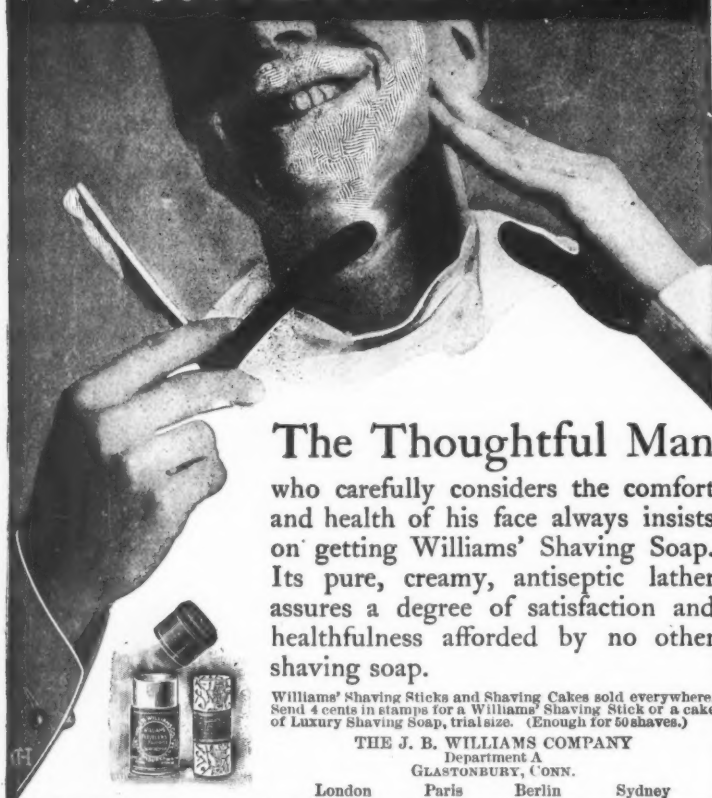
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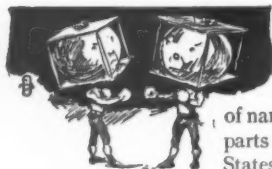
Life





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. SEPT. 6, 1906. No. 1245.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



POLITICS are active all over the country, and the fall air is full of names and other of the parts of speech. Many States have governors to elect, all the States have representatives in Congress to vote for and many of them choose Senators. As fine a lot of political rows are in progress as any partisan of free institutions could desire. In Massachusetts the stand-patters and the tariff-revisers are locking horns. In Iowa the same issue is part of the fight. In various congressional districts the American Federation of Labor intends to oppose the reelection of Congressmen, like Speaker Cannon in Illinois and Mr. Littlefield in Maine, whose conduct has not been satisfactory to Labor. In Georgia there has been a fierce competition of aspirants who want to be governor. In Ohio there are various anti-boss fights, and a hot one in New Jersey, and much livelier times than common in Rhode Island. There is also Colonel Churchill's anti-railroad campaign in New Hampshire, and so it goes all over the country. Plenty of yeast is stirring—anti-boss, tariff-revision, anti-corporation—and the whole pan of dough is full of bubbles.

This is a good condition and highly favorable to that lively interest in politics and candidates which is indispensable to the proper working of popular government. And nowhere are there more bubbles or a better lot of important fights than here in New York where both parties have engrossing domestic difficulties to settle before they can line up against one another. It is Odell against Higgins and most of the thinking Republicans against both Higgins and Odell. It is Jerome against Hearst; McClellan against Murphy. Mr. Jerome has said no more at this writing than that he will run if he can get the Democratic nomination, but it is believed that he

will run if needed, whether he gets it or not. Both Democrats and Republicans hold their conventions on September 25th, and not until after that will it be possible to say how many candidates there will be or who. It is practically certain, however, that if Higgins and Hearst are the regular contestants there will be some one else who will get the votes of those who want neither.



ARMED rebellion is prevalent at this writing in Cuba. Not a very big one as yet, but extensive enough to be ominous and to occasion regret and some concern in this country. There are two parties in Cuba: the Moderates, headed by President Palma, and the Liberals. The rebels are Liberals. Our neighbor, the *Sun*, an authority on things that concern Cuba, expounds the basis of their discontent to be that they have not had what our leading citizen calls "a square deal." After the new constitution of the Cuban Republic had been adopted the laws of the country should have been promptly revised to match it. It seems that they never have been revised. The old Spanish laws are in force and give the President control of all the offices. President Palma has turned all the Liberals out of office and put in Moderates. By so doing he was able to control the election last fall in the interest of the Moderates. Consequently, some of the Liberals, not being able to get their political dues by peaceful means, have got out their guns and machetes and taken to the woods. The present government of Cuba, it appears, is an oligarchy. The question seems to be whether it can put down the rebellion and Mexicanize the island or will come to terms with the rebels and manage things on more popular lines.



THE earthquake in Chile and the repetition on a smaller scale of the story of San Francisco has caused disagreeable things to be said of the backbone of the American continent. They tell us it is new and rather soft, and liable to buckle now and then, with painful resulting

surface phenomena. Dr. Hayes, the head expert of the Geological Survey, is looking for further jolts along the line of the Andes north of Chile; and also in Mexico. He does not suggest any remedy, and, indeed, precautions are in vain in the case of earthquakes. The thing to do is to stand from under if possible, but beyond that the rule is, as with the appendicitis operation, to survive if you can, and pay the bill if you can get the money. The bill at Valparaiso will not be so large by half, or more, as that at San Francisco, but it will be very heavy, and the lamentable loss of life runs up into the thousands.



SINCE Union Pacific raised its dividend to ten per cent. with tumultuous and extraordinary resulting phenomena in Wall Street, the attention of many thousands of minds has been directed to consideration of the moral qualities of Mr. Edward Harriman. It must be trying to any one to have his moral qualities become the subject of so much attention during his lifetime. If our character should ever be so much discussed as Mr. Harriman's has been, we should want to wear ear-muffs. Some introspection a character will bear, and a reasonable amount of contemplation and discussion from the outside, but to have everybody computing how large and hot a red-hot stove would have to be to be safely left unwatched within one's reach must be considerably disenchanting.

Nobody knows how much money Mr. Harriman made in the rise in stocks which resulted from the action of his directors, but he was credited with a profit of ten million dollars. To say that his moral reputation has suffered ten million dollars' worth in consequence would be a splendid compliment to pay him. It is more accurate, however, to say that it would have suffered ten million dollars' worth of damage if it had been good for such a loss. Whether he has been justly criticised we don't know. These are censorious times, and it is hard for even the best of men to step out and scoop up ten or fifteen millions over night without somebody getting up and calling him a hog.

Life's Little Problems



HERE was once a Genie in the service of a poor and struggling, but gifted, young Artist; and he complained early and late and often of his job. Not without reason, it may be said, for the Artist led the poor old soul such a dance that his patience was worn to a thin thread, and he finally spoke plainly and to the point.

"I," remarked the Genie, "have, from your childhood up, been your especial guardian, and I must confess that I am more bored and harassed by the vagaries of your artistic temperament than tongue can tell."

The Artist shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"I have always known that you were a Genie of very ordinary caliber," he answered; "therefore, you cannot be expected to understand the exquisite sensitiveness of the highly wrought artistic nature. It is so attuned to the beautiful that"—

"There you go again!" cried the Genie, grinding his teeth. "You have bowed down and worshipped that pampered artistic temperament until it is swollen with pride and insolence and lays much virtue to itself because of its caprices and eccentricities; but I assure you that I have reached the limits of my endurance, and I am minded to give you such a jolt that you will not soon forget it."

"That's just what you can't do," said the Artist, triumphantly. "There is one thing the artistic temperament will not tolerate, and that is a bit or a curb. Another thing, here I live in a garret aloof and have few friends and go poorly clad, and you promised me fame, and honor and wealth. Now, I assume, somewhat optimistically, no doubt, in view of your recent conduct, that you mean to keep your word."

"Bother take it!" exclaimed the Genie, "I had almost forgotten that old promise; but—my oath is sacred."

"Ha! ha!" cried the Artist, and he laughed loud and long. "You are bound by your sacred oath."

Then to celebrate the victory, he let out a few reefs in his artistic temperament and gave himself carte-blanc to go as far as he pleased.

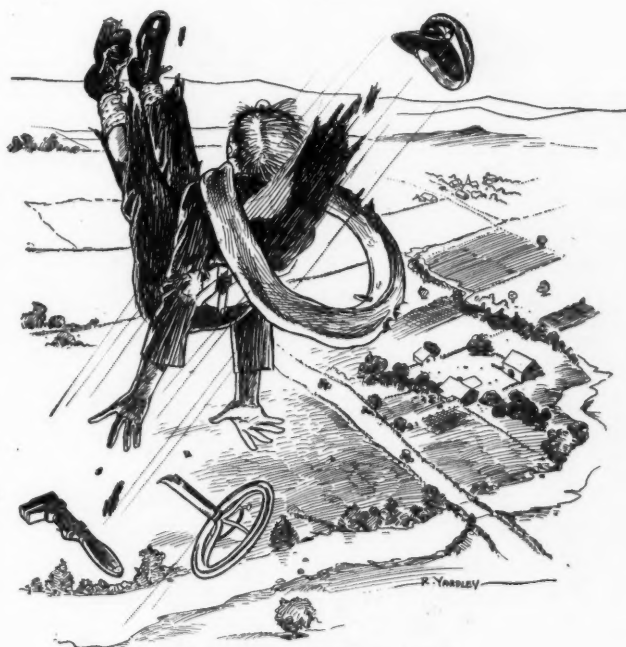
Within a week the Genie was a sad sight. During that time he had not known one restful moment, and, as he was far from young, it told upon him terribly. His best friends and his mirror informed him that he had aged a thousand years, so he took the fortnight's vacation allowed him by law and retired to the desert to meditate.

When he returned, even the Artist scarcely recognized him. His brow was calm and peaceful, his smile placid and his step alert.

"Dear me," remarked the Artist, "the change has certainly done you good. I didn't realize how seedy you were."

"My son," the Genie replied, "you have had your innings; now I propose to have mine. Let me inform you that my physician has ordered complete rest and foreign travel, and rather than have you without a guardian I have arranged for Anthony Comstock to take my job. He will entertain you daily with dissertations on art."

The Artist raved and protested and finally fell at the Genie's



HAZARDS OF MODERN PASTIME

Autoist and Balloonist: HEY! KEEP TO THE RIGHT

feet, the beads of cold sweat standing out upon his brow; and begged and implored, groveling most piteously.

But the Genie was adamant.

"One year with Anthony as your guardian angel," he said, "and you may have fame, honor, wealth. Refuse this, and it means forever the garret with all that it implies."

And the Artist chose—Anthony or the garret? Which? Do you know?

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"JONES died respected by everybody."
 "That so? I thought he left a widow."

The American Drama

THE manager sat in his easy chair
 And spoke of the plans he had in air
 To the newspaper man, who sat agape
 Inscribing words for the morning "pape":
 "Th' American drama has come to stay,
 It's arrived for sure, it's bound to pay.
 I want all the native plays I can get,
 So bring 'em along; but don't forget
 To mention that while I was in France
 I had the good fortune and seized the chance
 To secure some dramas by V. Sardou,
 Maurice Donnay and Berton, too.
 Hervieu and Bisson have written for me,
 And for something new Rostand's his fee.
 Yes, there is no doubt, and again I say,
 Th' American drama has come to stay.
 I'm glad to see that the public here
 Wants native plays, I never had fear
 To put on a piece an American wrote;
 But, incidentally, you might note
 That while I was over in London town
 I paid important royalties down

For Pincero's latest and Jones's best;
 And one by Hicks that had stood the test.
 I also got from Sims and Raleigh
 A melodrama red and gory.
 Yes! Quote me strong, for again I say,
 Th' American drama has come to stay.
 Oh! by the bye, if there is no hitch
 I'll probably do a play by Fitch."

Edward Fales Coward.

HE CLIMBED down from the pay
 car with his month's wages still in
 his hand.

"Sure, ye must be feelin' rich, Pat,
 with all ye have there," said a bystander.

"And what does this signify to me,"
 answered Pat: "just two looks, wan
 whin I get it, and wan whin I give it to
 the ould woman."

IN CHINA they are emancipating the
 women's feet; here we have got as far
 as the head.



L. M. Flagg



L. M. Flagg

WHY THEY MARRIED

MR. BUTTERFLY FLITTER WAS HANDSOME AND GAY;
 WHY, HE'D NE'ER GIVEN MARRIAGE A THOUGHT.
 BUT HE DALLIED TOO LONG BY A FLOWER ONE DAY,
 AND BEFORE HE COULD FLIT HE WAS CAUGHT!

HE WAS A GENTLE AND SENSITIVE CHAP,
 HE MARRIED THE FORCEFUL MISS HOWE;
 HE WANTED HER SYMPATHY, DID THE POOR YAP—
 HE HAS EVERY ONE'S SYMPATHY NOW!

A Fragment of Ovid

OMNES agunt, sed pater
Toto die sedet;
Pedes ante ignem,
Tubam terræ fumet!
Mater lavandas prendet,
Ann soror atque—
In nostro omnes agunt,
Sed senex—ne!
O, Condamnati!

Some Honks

HE WHO maims and speeds away will live to drive another day.
Faint-hearted driver never won fair lady.

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew"—so as not to make a jar when the machine strikes it.

Don't cry over spilt milk—be thankful it wasn't the gasoline.

But trailing clouds of gory do we come.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to let them know you got it in a raffle.

Man wants but little here below. (This makes no reference to the police judge.)

A very ancient and fish-like smell.

A bribe in time saves a fine.

There is so much bad in the best of them;

There is so much good in the worst of them,

That it does not behoove us owners of any of them

To talk about the machines of the rest of them.

Gasoline.

Traveling with a Baby

IN THE life of every man who owns or has a minority interest in a baby the time may come when it is necessary to travel with him. In this awful emergency, what is to be done? What steps should be taken to make matters as easy as possible?

Some men prefer to travel with a baby under cover of the darkness, where they can avoid their friends and if smiled at, it will be only by total strangers. As long as it is probable that one will be up all night anyway, perhaps this is best.

Secure beforehand the services of an

able trained nurse, and then arrange for a continuous line of porters from your house to the Pullman car section. In addition to the baby, your wife and the nurse, take along a hand dairy, a Pasteurizing outfit, a box of assorted rattles, two or three million safety pins, a linen store, a portable drug store and a bottle of whisky. Put the baby in the center of a set of graded army blankets, roll him up in a shawl strap and proceed.

Every time the baby cries unroll him and feed. Take a drink occasionally yourself. Always be sociable with a baby if possible.



Make arrangements with the railroad company beforehand. It is awkward to arrive on the train five minutes before it leaves and have to sit on the arm of a seat for fifty miles trying to amuse the baby with the faces of the passengers.

Having secured your section in the Pullman, get there before any one else, put your wife and baby in the lower berth, the trained nurse in the upper, tip the porter and pretend not to know them for the rest of the journey. You will then be on friendly terms with the rest of the passengers.

If Providence insists upon your traveling with a baby in the daytime,

do not when you run up against your old friends on the ferry boat, as you carry your precious charge on your shoulder, look too foolish. Keep up your nerve, and pass it off lightly. Remember that babies will happen even in the best regulated families and that to travel with them occasionally is the task of every father.

Who Cares?

THE WISE ONE: So Restwell has gone. He was a good chap; do you know what he left?

THE IDIOT: He left a world that needed him. He left a good name. He left behind him so many good deeds that if half of them were recorded, his enemies, if he has any, may have no fear of meeting him in another world. He left innumerable bonds of friendship—interest bearing bonds payable in golden memories. He left—

"Thunder! I meant how much money did he leave."

"Oh, I don't know?"

Fuller W. Rice.

A Letter

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASS.
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—Let me thank you for *Life* of July 26. From cover to cover it had nothing to try one's good nature: no wanton communications; no issue-solving; no desperately non-sectarian editorials.

It was good. I handed it to my friends with genuine pleasure.

M. H. Douglass.

August 4, 1906.

Our thanks, Mr. Douglass, but we cannot promise to be so good all the time. We must have some fun ourselves.

New Styles in Thought

POLITICAL opinions this year are more gaily colored than ever. Neat effects are seen, however, in old gold, although the greens still continue to hold their own. There are several new effects in socialism circles, Sinclair blouses being worn extensively and red flannel is again coming in.

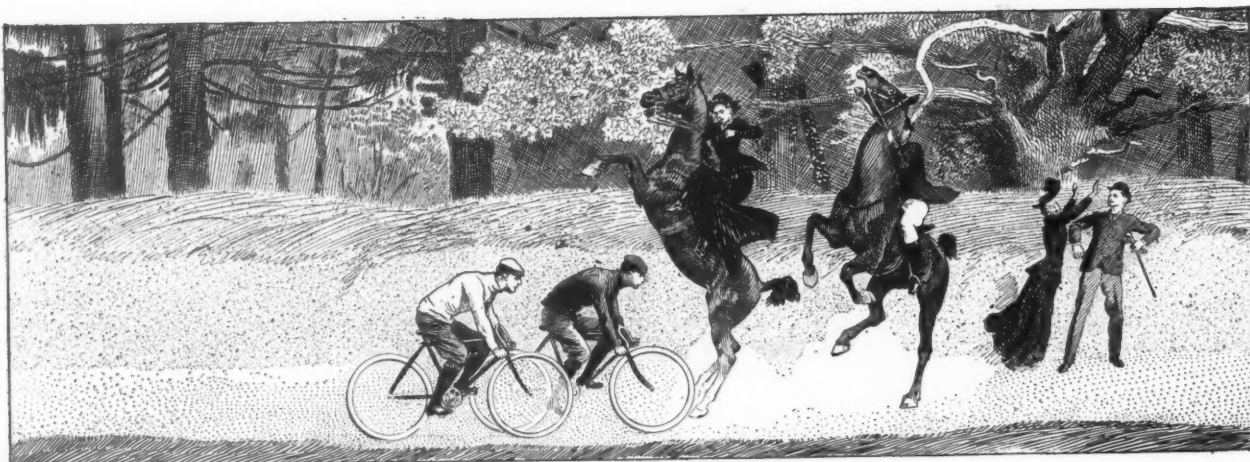
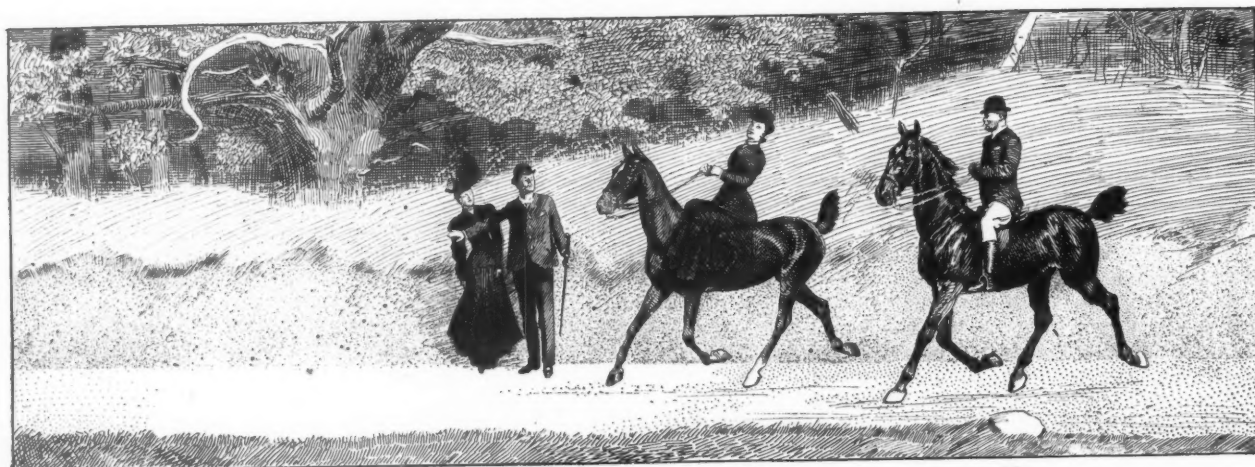
We have noticed nothing especially new in theology, although several heretics have attempted innovations without success. Straight fronts are still worn, and the hats are trimmed, as usual, with sprigs of immortelle. In literary groups there are some pretty designs made over from last year's patterns, trimmed with epigrams.

Thoughts, on the whole, remain about the same.

DISHONESTY is no respecter of persons.



A QUIET COUNTRY ROAD



The Gospel of Getting On



HOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and give not flattery, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and perceive all chicaneries and wire-pullings; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove deadheads and give not flattery, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my work to pamper the idle, and though I give my brain to be turned and give not flattery, it profiteth me nothing.

Flattery schemeth long, and is complaisant; flattery envieth not—because she is sure to keep ahead. Flattery vaunteth not itself—but its superiors in office; is not puffed up—but knows whom to puff.

Does not behave with unseemly self-respect, but stoopeth with becoming humility; seeketh not her own dignity; is not easily provoked at being patronized, thinketh no evil—of the rich and powerful.

Beareth all things, fawneth in all things, cringeth in all things, endureth all things—essential for aggrandizement.

Flattery never faileth; whether there be enthusiasm it shall fail; whether there be advisers they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away—clear out of sight.

When I was a child I spake as a child and said I was going to work faithfully and pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon, and tell the truth and hitch my wagon to the stars and finally drive it through Elysian fields of middle-aged affluence. I understood as a child, I thought as a child that success is the reward of diligence. When I became a woman I put away childish things and learned that if you indulge the luxury of honor you've got to pay for it by living on a back street.

And now abideth vanity, ignorance, and flattery, but the greatest of these is flattery.

Lillian James Crockett.

Swim or Soak

AMHERST COLLEGE has got a new fifty-thousand-dollar swimming pool and has made a rule that hereafter all students must qualify in swimming. Students failing to qualify



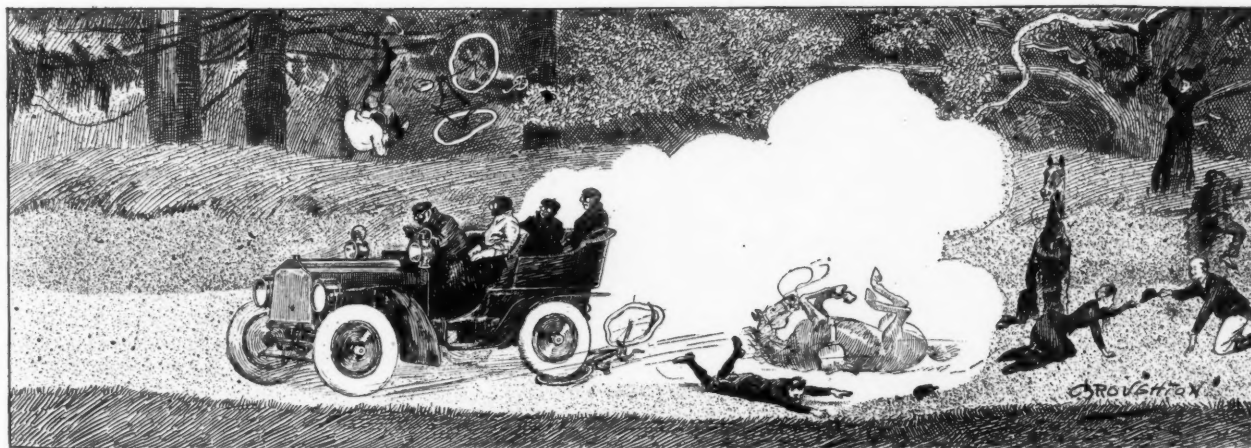
"JONAH, PAY ME AT ONCE FOR THAT INSIDE ROOM YOU OCCUPIED, MEALS INCLUDED, FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS."

after due notice will be used to stock the pool. The new rule is a little reminiscent of the once popular ordeal-by-water, but is good notwithstanding. Every person who pretends to be trained ought both to know how to swim and to be practised in drowning the fool who rocks the boat.

Really Encouraging

FRIEND: So you have been revisiting Somerville, after all these years. How is it getting along?

RETURNED NATIVE (enthusiastically): Oh, Somerville is progressing splendidly. They have just built a fine, new jail, the finest in the county, and they needed it, too.





Early Rumors

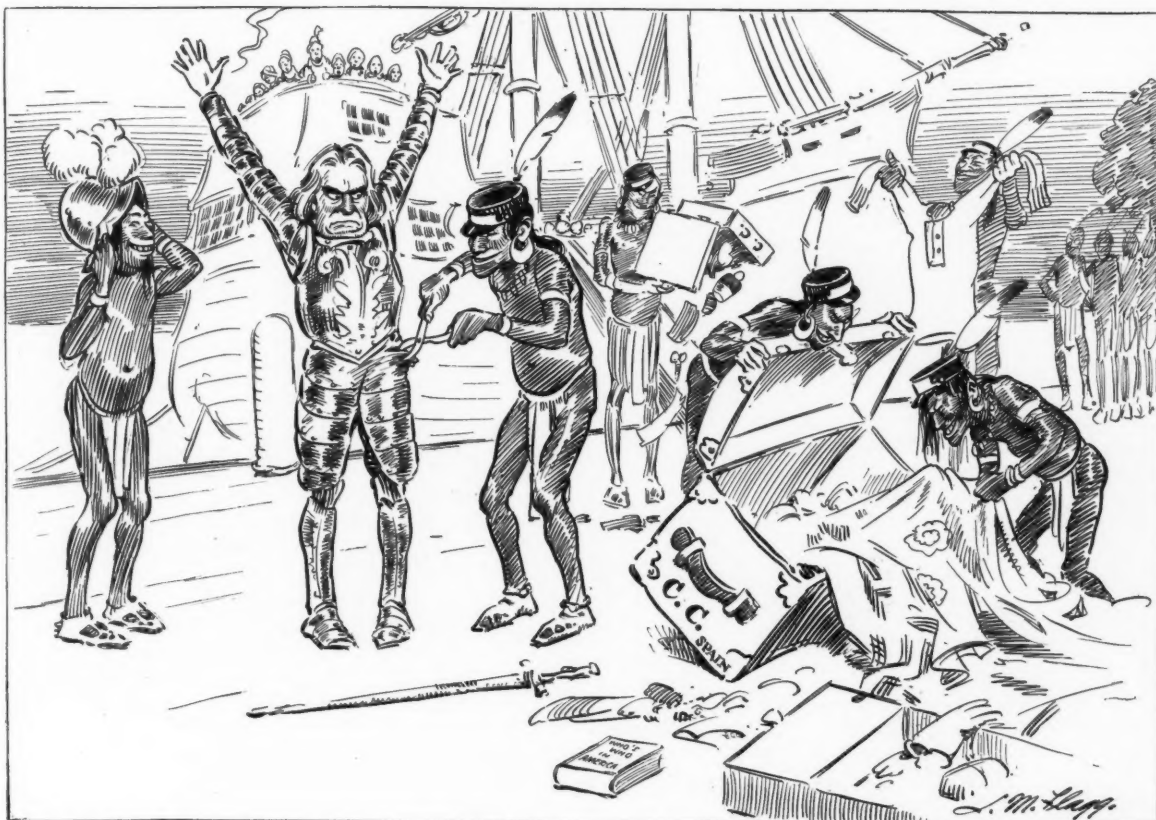
THE vikings left few memorials. The fact that Plymouth Rock, the Berkshire Hills and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery still remain is held to indicate nothing further than that the Norsemen had an abundance of ballast for their boats, and to be of little or no historical significance. There were no \$3 shoes in the market then, the Douglasses being detained in Scotland (it is a curious coincidence that the Marquis of Queensberry was a Douglas and that the most noted exponent of his rules for bridge whist, Mr. Lawrence Sullivan, is a product of Massachusetts), and \$3 being about

their limit, the vikings presently got cold feet. They had no eye for the possibilities. Cranberry culture they deemed beneath them, and ethical culture had not begun to come in yet. Their hopeless density is shown by the fact that whereas they must have got their clearance papers from the very custom house where Nathaniel Hawthorne was one day to be a starving clerk, they went away cursing the country and suspecting nothing.

It was Columbus who discovered America to stay discovered. How he ever managed to do it without the backing of Mr. Randolph Hoist (as it has been ingeniously suggested



THE VIKINGS ABANDON BOSTON AND SEEK WARMER CLIMES FARTHER NORTH



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

that he may have been Hoist by his own petard) and exclusively for the *Choinal*, is something of a mystery.

America has been on the map continuously since Columbus's time. Dr. Parkhurst claimed, one spell, that New York was lost, and New York is, to all intents and purposes, America, and while considerable alarm was felt at the time, it is now believed that the Doctor was the victim of an optical illusion. Dr. Parkhurst's eyesight, by the way, has never been all his friends could wish. It is said that he can't see his finish, even in retrospect.

Columbus was nothing if not resourceful. Not only did he cleverly conceive that the world was round, but he knew many tricks with eggs. For example, on one occasion, when his crew were very much cast down, he composed and recited these famous lines:

"In Brooklyn, an eloquent preacher
Said: 'The hen is a beautiful creature!'
And the hen, hearing that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher."

This was the first use, upon any great historic occasion, of the limerick. The old belief that limericks were employed at the siege of Constantinople has been exploded by later discoveries. The next great limerick was the one about the

old monk in Siberia, which Henry VIII. had written in 1542 to show how he felt about the monastic system and to prepare public sentiment for the spoliation of the monasteries.

Chicago's Complete Rogue

THE contemplation of a completed work makes for tranquillity of mind. It is restful to dwell upon a finished course in which were no omissions and nothing left to be done.

For example, let the mind alight on the exploits, lately disclosed, of Paul Stensland, president of Milwaukee Avenue State Bank of Chicago. For methodical and thorough rascality Mr. Stensland measures up to the very best standards. Working over a protracted period, he was able to divert to his uses a truly wonderful proportion of his bank's funds, and to amuse himself at the same time with various sports and hazards after banking hours. His daughter says she left home because of the female companions whom her father installed in his house. Finally, just before the bubble broke at the bank, Mr. Stensland faded out of sight with a last haul of loot, and is at this writing still unapprehended.

Some of the bank's depositors have gone crazy, and others are much perturbed. It is too bad. Consummate scoundrels are rare, and ought to be appreciated and enjoyed, even by persons who lose by them.

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AN OVERWHELMED MOON



HALFOUR MEN



THERE seems to be a certain confusion in the fire insurance mind concerning the rights, duties and obligations of policy-holders.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Not the slightest. The policy-holder must pay exorbitant premiums and, in case of loss, collect if he can.

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others.—*One of Abraham Lincoln's early speeches.*

Yes, and drive the lawyers and high financiers out of business.

Miss Ida Simonton, of Pittsburg, is going to Africa to learn the monkey language.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Is the lady excluded from the *parvenu* circles of Newport?



Mr. Bryan says there are other things in life beside office-holding.—*Houston Post.*

Continuous office-seeking, for instance. Eh, Colonel?

Pope Pius X. has confided to St. Christopher the duty of watching over motorists as their patron saint.—*New York Tribune.*

Judging from the accident columns, the Pope ought to appoint some other saint to help Christopher.

II

Mr. Comstock's art education may be deficient, but he has a good eye for some things.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Especially for the advertising that makes the simple folk who pay his salary believe he earns it.

Recent developments incline us to believe that the National, of Hartford, is a company with which no honest man should have anything to do.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Fire insurance and life insurance seem to be running a close race.

M

A Society for the Suppression of Vice may be at the same time a Society for the Suggestion of Indecency.—*New York Sun.*

As he looks at it, it's The Society for the Salary of Anthony.

Senator Depew's automobile was recently held up by a constable for speeding.—*Washington Star.*

It's a shame to interfere with a Senator who's only trying to get strong enough to write a resignation.

New York has a new kind of gold brick game.—*Chicago News.*

It's called "Guess the dividend," and is worked by dishonest railway presidents.

It is announced that Mr. Bryan will leave for the antipodes immediately after the November elections of the current year.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

And for his regular trip to Salt Creek in 1908.

The Maine State entomologist has discovered a pea-green cockroach.—*Mexican Herald.*

The next stage is sky-blue kangaroos with purple wings.

More celebrity for Mr. Longworth. Would he have been chosen to that policy-holders' committee if things had been different?—*Lowell Courier.*

He seems headed for the presidency of the Mutual. With Paul Morton president of the Equitable, the New York is the only one left for Leonard Wood.

How old is a woman at thirty-five?—*Baltimore American.*

In many cases she has just reached the age of indiscretion.

A man in Boston fell asleep at his open window, fell out, broke his back, got up and walked into the house and went to bed.—*Baltimore American.*

Only another example of the superiority of the Boston mind over matter.

The naval review in Oyster Bay will cost the Treasury half a million.—*Rochester Herald.*

Who cares? Pa's rich.



Enter, the New Season



LIKE the bear who has been sleeping and sucking his paws in a cave all winter, the New York theater-goer at this time of year sallies forth lean for the indulgence of his stage appetite. Years since he learned to leave the roof-gardens to the gullible out-of-towner, who could be made to believe that they were either gardens or amusing. The "shows" in the places of his summer sojourning have been too crude to appeal to his metropolitan taste. He comes back with new zest and almost with a new belief in the alluring advertisements and announcements of the theaters.

HE WILL find that his theatrical hunger has been anticipated even earlier than usual this year. Now that the theatrical business is no longer an absolute monopoly its activities both commercial and artistic have received a new impetus and the competition which is the life of art, as it is of trade, spreads before the theater-goer a feast of new things from which to choose.

A POWERFUL play, remarkably well cast and staged, is "The Kreutzer Sonata" at the Manhattan. Its theme is morbid and its climax tragic but the story takes an immediate hold on the interest and its development and the incidental character-drawing are done with a simplicity, sureness and directness that mark its author as a dramatist of unusual force and ability.



FIVE SAMPLES FROM "THE TOURISTS" CHORUS

The statement that the play is well cast is made with a reservation. In the sense that each artist from Blanche Walsh, the star, down to the non-speaking servant, does well what is to be done, this statement holds good. But the story deals with Russian Jews who are transplanted into America, its allusions to Jewish life and customs are many, and one of its characters is made a Christian obviously for contrast and to point some of the speeches. It would have been easy from the large number of Jewish actors on the American stage to recruit an entire company, which would have made the Jewish atmosphere perfect and suited to the requirements of the play. Even in this particular there is no fault to be found with the strongly marked character parts such as the *Ephraim* of Mr. William Travers, the *Bella* of Jessie Ralph and that admirable portrayal of the high-minded and generous patriarch *Raphael* by Mr. George Sumner. Even Blanche Walsh's depiction of the heroine, *Hattie*, sufficient as it is, would have gained more in effectiveness were she more in appearance a daughter of Israel. To make that sterling and pronouncedly American actress, Eleanor Carey, a Jewish matron is a little out of drawing, but the crowning absurdity is casting a Mr. William Wadsworth for the part of *Samuel*, *Raphael's* younger son. The author evidently had in mind the type of young, boastful Jewish bounder, with which we are all familiar, but Mr. Wadsworth is as thorough-paced a Yankee youth as ever figured in a down-East drama and successfully shatters the illusion which the piece is well designed to make perfect. In a very well acted play the best acting is done by Helen Ware, who makes *Celia* stand out distinctly as one of the worst of the many bad women of the drama.

Jacob Gordin, the author, is himself a Russian Jewish immigrant and he and his translators have given us another proof that in this country there is plenty of material ready to the hand of the dramatist who knows how to use it. "The Kreutzer Sonata" is not for the young person, but it should not be missed by those who like their drama strong.

* * *

EVERYTHING is present in "The Tourists" at the Majestic except the originality which is needed to vary the monotony of light opera. Striking scenery, elaborate and extensive costumes, sparkling music, a book rather cleverer than usual, a good light opera cast, a pretty chorus with an occasional voice—all these are there. Also there are the same old characters, saying the same kind of things, singing the same kind of songs, dancing the same

kind of steps to the same kind of marching by an aggregation of girls with much the same kind of prettiness of face and form as their countless predecessors. Mr. Richard Golden, the leading comedian, shows considerable originality in his methods and Mr. Burnside introduces something of a plot and one or two new and really laughable episodes, but we have the usual oriental potentate and his retainers, male and female, the traveling millionaire with his pretty daughters and the young man in love with one of them.

This isn't to say that "The Tourists" isn't good of its kind—it is, and should greatly please those who are not satiated with the kind—but the continued sameness of what is known as light opera, or musical comedy, suggests that there is a grand opportunity for some one to make a name by varying its methods.

* * *

IT'S a curious contraption London has sent to us in the form of "The Little Stranger." It is frankly a farce written about the diminutive

but engaging personality of Master Edward Garratt. Mr. Michael Morton, the author, was indeed fortunate to find for the purpose of his play an undersized human being who combines intelligence, youth and attractive personality and, most remarkable of all, genuine good nature and a sense of humor. Were Master Garratt simply a dwarf the piece would be only a freak show, but his real ability and fun-making power make it a laughter-breeder which ought to catch the fancy of New York as it did that of London.

In addition to serving as a vehicle for Master Garratt's individual efforts, Mr. Morton's play takes a shy at the feminine tendency to run after sham exponents of the occult and mysterious. The fun he has with this strong weakness of the weaker sex enables Mr. George E. Bellamy to do some very effective acting as the apostle of the cult of "soul hunters" who are deceived into believing that a year old baby has become possessed by the soul of his presumably defunct father. The rest of the imported English cast was competent, but not notable, with the exception of Miss Dora Hole, the nurse maid, who gave one of the finest attacks of hysterics seen outside of a hospital for many a day.

The Hackett Theater seems to have started on its new career with a laughing success.

* * *



"THE LITTLE STRANGER"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S edict establishing a catch-as-catch-can system of spelling ought to have gone a little further and given the authority of the Government of the United States to the go-as-you-please system of pronunciation which prevails on the American stage. One confusion is as much entitled to a Presidential decree as the other.

Metcalfe.

THE LATEST BOOKS



THE TOWER, by Mary Tappan Wright, is one of the recent novels which, by comparison at least, has some claim to that designation in its more dignified usage. It is an intimate story of the faculty circle in an American college of the second grade. Not by any means so well rounded nor so boldly conceived as Miss Anna Sholl's similar work, *The Law of Life*. Not, at first, more effective in presenting its many characters than to make us feel that they would be worth knowing could we only get to know them. Not at any time adding greatly to our sympathetic comprehension of life. But in the end successfully creating a coterie of men and women whose existence we do not question and whose affairs concern us.

Together with a translation, by Lorenzo O'Rourke, of Hippolyte Adolphe Taine's *Balzac, a Critical Study*, the little volume lately published under

that title contains an essay upon Taine by the translator. O'Rourke's appreciation is a curious though interesting paper, the product of a genuine admiration joined to a racial intolerance of the scientific temperament. Taine's critique, of course, is one of the classics and curiosities of modern criticism, Taine, intellectually omnivorous and ruled by a passion for order analyzing Balzac whose omnivorous intellect was swayed by the disorder of passion.

The quaintly pathetic stories of *Rebecca Mary*, told by Annie Hamilton Donnell, are to be added to the long list of New England sketches interpreting the struggle between warm hearts and bleak traditions. Rebecca Mary, so little and so conscious of the responsibility of being a Plummer, and Aunt Olivia, so dried-in-the-pod and so sternly conscious of the same responsibility, are described with a tenderness they would be the last to countenance but which they fully deserve.

Mansfield Brooks's story of early slave-trading days in New England, *The Newell Fortune*, is a sort of historical romance of tainted money. It is constructed on the naive hypothesis that vice and virtue grow in chunks, and that the chief difficulty in life arises from the fact that the good manners and diamonds of the one are easily mistaken for the white hair and plain petticoats of the other. It is not a work likely to find acceptance with a sophisticated generation.

Burton E. Stevenson tells a pleasant story most pleasantly in *The Girl with the Blue Sailor*. It is a tale of summer days and summering people in a Catskill village. It is both easy reading and light

reading. Yet it has the attractiveness that lies in an unstrained and appreciative handling of everyday affairs and the merit that lies in handling everyday affairs appreciatively.

Jack Derringer is a title of a maritime dime novel by Basil Lubbock undertaken, the author tells us, to give a correct picture of sailor life to-day. It describes the treatment of a mixed crew on a Pacific wind-jammer and the adventures of three of them who are afterward cast adrift. As realism it has all the brutality but none of the effectiveness of London's *Sea Wolf*, while as romance it has more than that story's disabilities. Even were it worth reading its six or eight alternating dialects would render it almost unreadable.

L. Frank Tooker's sea story, *Under Rocking Skies*, although but care free fiction burdened by no didactic purpose, is sailed on wetter water. It is a love story told by a lover of the sea, and the voyage from New England coast to Santa Cruz has the simple interest of the one and the salt charm of the other.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Tower. By Mary Tappan Wright. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Balzac, a Critical Study. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Translated by Lorenzo O'Rourke. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.)

Rebecca Mary. By Annie Hamilton Donnell. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Newell Fortune. By Mansfield Brooks. (John Lane Company.)

The Girl with the Blue Sailor. By Burton E. Stevenson. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Jack Derringer. By Basil Lubbock. (E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.)

Under Rocking Skies. By L. Frank Tooker. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

They Don't See It All

HAVEN'T you often wondered how the men who report boat races are able to note and record all the details of the contest? We have often wondered, but have wondered less since discovering that no two of the newspaper reports of the late Harvard-Yale University race agreed as to even such important details as the distance between the boats at the finish. At boat races, as in other matters, the reporters see what they can, put down what they think they see as near as they can remember, and fill out by hearsay.

THE best satire implies great faith in man.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST

Slightly hazy



"ROBERT, WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THE COCKTAILS?"
New Butler: EVERYTHING WE HAD, MA'AM.

Sorrows of a Newport Reader



NEWPORT correspondent writes to the *Evening Post* that having known Mr. Henry James since he was a child, and his father before him, he longed to know what he would think of the modern Newport and the changes there. With kindling anticipations he approached Mr. James's recent magazine article on that subject. But, alas! he could not tell what Mr. James thought or felt. "Hours," he says, "were not at my disposal, but, finding that delving was needed, I delved, for awhile—then had to leave the library; and I didn't and don't actually know that Mr. James felt anything at all, that he even saw what he must have seen. Now, *wasn't* that a trial? and *all* Henry James's fault!"

It was a trial and one in which this lamenter will have a thousand sympathizers. We have been sure ever since Mr. James began to print his thoughts about the revisited land of his nativity that there must be valuable and edifying reflections among them if only one could

yank them out of the literary quicksands in which he left them. But that cannot be done. We have not heard of any one who has done it, though several months ago a man in Philadelphia published his determination to try.

BANK TELLER: I have no doubt you are Billyuns, the ice magnate, but you must be identified. Can't you bring in some friend to—

BILLYUNS: I have no friends!
"It's all right. You're identified!"

BRIGGS (*who has taken the precaution to carry his own dress-suit case across New York, to his friend Griggs, who hasn't*): Have you any idea where your baggage is?

GRIGGS: Dodd only knows!

"**YOU** entertain a great deal more than you did formerly, I notice."

"Yes, indeed. This is the first really hospitable cook we ever had."

Song of a Balloon

I'm getting
now to be the style, and,
filled with dollar gas, far up
above the crowds I smile at earthly
things I pass. Nobody may run over
me nor mangle me, indeed; and there's
no limit, you'll agree, to my aerial speed.
With every current I may glide, nor do I
turn quite pale; if eighty miles an hour
I ride they can't put *me* in jail!
Indeed, I am a swell affair, a rounder,
you'll agree; and autos, as I sail
the air, must all look up to me.

At times I have a lot of sand,
I'm full with such a
load. The only oath
that I command is
this: "Well I'll
be blowed!"

High O!
I sail in
lordly
state
across the checkered
sky. I do not even
have to wait until
the clouds roll by!



Pluto: WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHARON? YOU LOOK TROUBLED.
"MY BUSINESS HAS BEEN KILLED BY SOME OF THOSE PROGRESSIVE NEW YORKERS WHO HAVE DUG A TUNNEL UNDER THE STYX AND ARE NOW RUNNING EXPRESSES EVERY TWO MINUTES."

Who Was Right?

FOR the past hour the minister's daughter and the scientist had been sitting on the brow of the hill, shaded by an ancient oak.

Up there the air was cool and refreshing. It blew her fine hair in gentle disarray.

Below them lay the village, the church spire, severely white, rising in the air in silent admonition to all men.

"Dearest," he said, "why need that trouble you? We love each other. Surely that is enough. I have never done anything I am ashamed of. I am known and respected in the world at large, and even those who may disagree with me certainly would not accuse me of being other than moral and conscientious in my obligations. I can assure you that I shall make no attempt to change your views. I know that your religion is very dear to you—that without it you would be utterly miserable. Because I think otherwise is no reason there should be any disagreement between us."

"But surely you cannot think otherwise," she said. "Surely you must believe. I know that you are a scientist and all that implies. But you *must* be broad enough to believe."

She looked at him in the eyes.

"Are you as narrow as that?" she asked. "Didn't you know father's sermon about it two weeks ago? Don't you remember? Can't you see that the scientists in reality know so little—that it is only by faith we may hope to accomplish our salvation? And if it is true—if you cannot, what of the future, what of our?"

She paused. The man at her side straightened himself up. He saw that suddenly without warning one of the most insoluble problems of life confronted them. How could he explain himself? There could be no compromise, no evasion on his part. Years before, when he had emerged from that vast struggle between his early religious training on one side and the inevitable logic of scientific agnosticism on the other, he would have welcomed any challenge to his reason, and anything in the nature of an argument in which he might tear down the errors of what he regarded as superstition would have delighted his soul—all that religious fervor of which he was so capable having been transferred to the side of science. He was older and wiser now. He knew that argument was futile. He was satisfied to permit others to believe as they would so long as his own convictions remained inviolate. Moreover, he was convinced that his morality had not suffered. Indeed, he believed that he was stronger than ever before. He saw the good in all things. But how was it possible that this girl whom he loved could understand him? At any rate, he must be honest with her.

"You mean," he said, "our children. You feel, doubtless, that the responsibility of life and of parentage is so great that even at the best we must pull together, that where there is any division of opinion between us, our children must inevitably suffer for it. And you think that now is the time to settle the matter—rather than afterwards. Isn't that so?"



Psyche

A BUTTERFLY—they call you so,
Those somber folk who watch you go
Serenely on your airy way
To dance and dinner, rout and play,—

Where'er the blooms of pleasure grow.
Perchance 'tis true, since high and low
I follow, as my masters may,
The daintiest thing on earth to-day—
A butterfly.

Oh, Psyche, this indeed I know:
Those wings that sway you to and fro
Are youth and girlish laughter gay.
Sweet winds of love, be kind, I pray,
And one day to this bosom blow
A butterfly. *Theodosia Garrison.*

"Yes."

"My dear girl, don't you see that what you consider our responsibility is something that in reality we have nothing to say about. We have no choice. We cannot say what may happen to us to-morrow."

"I do not agree with you. I think it lies with us to choose between right and wrong."

"Very well. Is there any real reason why you should not marry me? Have you any reason to believe that I will not make a good husband and a good father?"

(This story is continued on page 267)



MEMORIES

I remember, I remember
My magenta wool delaine,
My salmon togioni, too
('Twas lined with satin jean),
My lovely light blue empress cloth,
Picked out with bands of dove,
I wore the night Joe came to call,
And told me of his love.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Good Housekeeping*.

Oh, Carolyn, fair Carolyn,
You do surprise me so!
Now, something of this love affair
I'd greatly like to know.
If Joe made love to you one night,
Down 'mid the sands and shells,
Just please to tell me, Carolyn,
Why is your name now Wells?

—Edwin A. Oliver, in *Yonkers Stateman*

Oh, Oliver, dear Oliver,
Why should you worry so?
Let Carolyn a sister be
To Jim and John and Joe.
And, Oliver, you shouldn't chaff
About an unchanged name;
For, oh, the fault may all be yours—
And that would be a shame.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OLD SLEUTH'S READINESS

A Georgian was talking about the late Colonel H. K. Shakelford, author of the well-known "Old Sleuth" series of detective stories.

"Colonel Shakelford," the Georgian said, "could write an 'Old Sleuth' story in a day. He had a very ready and resourceful mind. He embodied in himself, indeed, some of Old Sleuth's most admirable qualities.

"Here is an instance of his readiness:

"Visiting a Western city some years ago, Colonel Shakelford dined with some boyhood friends, and did not set off for his hotel till midnight.

"As he passed through a dark and desolate street, a footpad suddenly stepped out from behind a tree, and, with a sharp 'Throw up your hands!' leveled a revolver at Colonel Shakelford's head.

"But the author of 'Old Sleuth' was not in the least disturbed. He frowned, uttered an angry oath, and said:

"What are you doing on Elm Avenue, confound you? Go back where you belong. I am working this street, and I want you to understand I'll have no interference."—*American Spectator*.

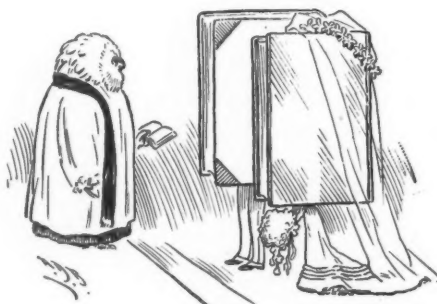
CLEAR ENOUGH TO HER

Andrew Carnegie once delivered a little homily to the pupils of a public school in Washington, wherein he endeavored to demonstrate that the judgment of men is apt to be warped by sentiment and feeling.

"In Scotland," asserted Mr. Carnegie, "the people abominated hymns, simply because the Episcopalians used them. The Presbyterians sang only the Psalms of David. The Episcopalians used stained glass in their church windows, and for that reason the Scotch looked upon stained glass as something of unholy origin."

Continuing, Mr. Carnegie told a story of a Presbyterian minister who had been bold enough to introduce this hated innovation. He was showing it in triumph to one of his parishioners, and asked her how she liked it.

"Ay, it is handsome," said she, sadly, "but I prefer the glass just as God made it!"—*Harper's Weekly*.



BOOK BINDING.

A PARSEE, visiting London for the first time, dined one night with the Bishop, who tried to convert him.

Now, the Parsees are sun worshippers, and it did not occur to the Bishop when he took up his line of argument that the London winter season is one long, cold, wet fog, and that the sun never shows himself. Said the Bishop:

"Here you are, my friend, a man of culture, widely traveled, generous, brave, wise, and yet you worship the sun. How can you do it? I can't understand how any sensible person should worship a created object, such as the sun."

"Ah, but you should see it once," cried the Parsee, warmly. "You have no idea what a splendid thing it is."—*The Argonaut*.

ARROYA AL ON LITERATURE

I have read a Western novel in a ten-cent magazine, And I guess there's lots in Western life that I ain't ever seen. It was all about a cowboy, whose gun was set with pearl, And who loved a downright stunnin' type of bronco-bustin' girl.

I know the book is Western 'cause it speaks of chaps and spurs, And, when the men are talkin', the word damn oft occurs. And there's frequent bloodshed in it, and the hero kills the most; And the villain's full of bullets when he yields his orn'ry ghost.

Now I've punched for many outfits, clear from Texas to the line, And I never seen such doin's as this writer tells so fine; But I guess truth can't be looked for, when the magazines, they say.

Has their Western fiction ground out down in Hackensack, N. J.
—*Denver Republican*

BETTING ON THE SPEECH

"I hold in my hand," said Senator Stone, in the course of an eloquent address to the Senate.

"Knew he'd say that sooner or later," commented one of the experienced students of legislation in the press gallery. "Now, in a minute he'll say 'Within the range of my voice.' Watch him."

"Within the range of my voice," Senator Stone began his next sentence.

"Fine!" said the student in the press gallery. "Next comes 'I desire to state.'"

"I desire to state," said Senator Stone, a minute later. By this time the press gallery was in convulsions. "Watch for 'In the last analysis,' whispered one of them.

A minute later "In the last analysis" came. Bets were offered and taken as to whether Mr. Stone's next paragraph would contain "But on the other hand" or "If it were not for the fact" The man who bet on the latter won, but two sentences further on came, "But on the other hand."—*New York Times*.

EVERY man likes a different kind of story, and I have always got more solid comfort out of Irish stories than out of any other class. I like the story of the baggage master who was called upon to decide whether a tortoise that was being taken home by a traveler could be checked free or came under the head of animals that had to pay a small additional fee, as dogs did. He looked at the strange creature, the like of which he had never seen before, and brought all his past experience to bear on the case. The only rule he had to go by was the one that said dogs must pay, for much was left to the common sense of the baggage men, and he gave his decision: "Oi niver had t' decide on wan av thim things before, but dogs pays extry, but does it come in th' classification of dogs Oi dunno." He called the station master, who was also an Irishman. The station master looked at the tortoise. "'Tis not a dog," he said, promptly. "Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs and squirrels in cages is dogs, but that there animal is an insect and goes free."—*Success*.

A LESSON

"You didn't say 'Thank you' to the man who gave you his seat in the street car."

"I once stopped to say thank you, and by the time I had done so I found that another woman had the seat."—*Washington Star*.

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Sole Agent, New York.

A Woman's Confessional

THE apothegm, Platonism and epigram have been done to death in recent smart literature. Incited thereto by the popular success of several publications of short and more or less witty paragraphs, some writers seem to have gone epigram-mad. Although expressed in epigram form, the truths in Madame Helena Woljeska's *"A Woman's Confessional"* are not intended to be "smart." They are drawn from real life, from actual experience, bitter at times, joyous at others, but all expressing some phase of a life that has been lived. Some of them may express erroneous views, but they throb with vivid actuality. The dainty little book may be had of all dealers or will be sent to any address, on receipt of seventy-five cents, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

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Tuesday, Sept. 4	Tuesday, Sept. 11
Partridge Dolphin	Autumn
Wednesday, Sept. 5	Wednesday, Sept. 12
Great Filly Flying Handicap	Belles Waldorf September
Thursday, Sept. 6	Thursday, Sept. 13
Dash Reapers	Flight Russet
Friday, Sept. 7	Friday, Sept. 14
Turf Handicap	Golden Rod Omnium
Saturday, Sept. 8	Saturday, Sept. 15
Great Autumn Steeplechase	Westbury Steeplechase
Flatbush Century	Great Eastern Handicap
Monday, Sept. 10	Annual Champion
Sapphire Ocean Handicap	

CORNELIUS FELLOWES, Secretary.



PAT: What be yer charge for a funeral notice in yer paper?
EDITOR: Half a crown an inch.
"Good heavens! An' me poor brother was six feet high."—*Tit-Bits*.

A WAGGISH occupant of the gallery shouted the other night to a pretty but indistinct lady artist: "Don't be nervous, my dear; it's only me!" At another theater one of the "gods" called down an actor who had just finished making rather a long speech: "Will you say that again, please? I didn't hear it."—*New Idea*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

NOT 'A FAIR DEAL

Two boys who managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she requested them to remain after hours and write their names one thousand times. They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in disgrace. Suddenly the first one burst out with despair between his sobs and said to the teacher:

"Tain't fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyer."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE *Kentish Express* has the following:

"Wanted, Horse to eat the grass in New Consecrated Churchyard. Apply, Stadden, sexton, Stourmouth."

HEALTH AND REST; NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

WHAT TROUBLED HIM

A well-known Atlanta minister tells an amusing story of an Atlantan who has a wife with a sharp tongue.

Jones had come home about two in the morning, rather the worse for a few highballs. As soon as he opened the door his wife, who was waiting for him in the accustomed place at the top of the stairs, where she could watch his uncertain ascent, started upbraiding him for his conduct.

Jones went to bed, and when he was almost asleep could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He dropped off to sleep and awoke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark:

"I hope all the women don't have to put up with such conduct as this."

"Annie," said Jones, "are you talking again or yet?"—*Atlanta Georgian*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

AFRAID IT WOULD SLIP

Senator Tillman piloted a constituent around the Capitol Building for awhile, and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

After an hour or so the visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper and said: "My name is Swate. I am a friend of Senator Tillman. He brought me here and I want to go out and look around a bit. I thought I would tell you so I can get back in"

"That's all right," said the doorkeeper, "but I may not be here when you return. In order to prevent any mistake, I will give you the password, so you can get your seat again."

Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. "What's the word?" he asked.

"Idiosyncrasy."

"What?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate.—*American Spectator*.

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DISCRIMINATION

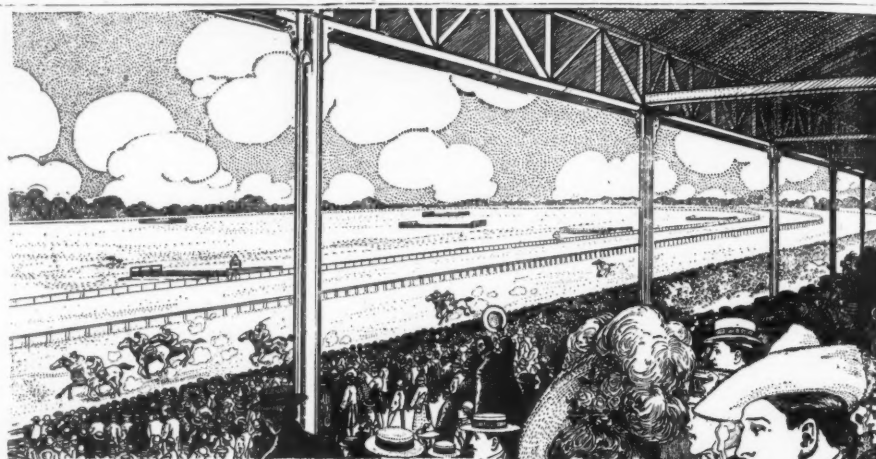
"Politics," said the ambitious young man, "puts many temptations in a person's way."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and the worst of it is that it is often difficult to discriminate between a temptation and an opportunity."—*Washington Star*.

HIX: I don't believe half our rich men know when they are well off.

DIX: Where did you get that idea?

"At the court house. I was down there this morning looking over the tax lists."—*Chicago Daily News*.



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"Are you a Christian?"

"No—not in the sense you mean."

"But if you will make a good husband and father—as, of course, I believe you must—it will be because of the fact that you have been brought up as a Christian and imbibed all the morality that a Christian civilization has taught you. And now you wish to repudiate it all. But you cannot help yourself."

"Then why let it make any difference? I can assure you that I will not interfere with you in any way. You can love your church, and your religion, and you can bring your children up in the way you desire."

"But have you no belief of your own?"

"Not in the sense you mean—yet I have a belief of my own."

She turned to him triumphantly.

"Then it cannot be so good as the one I have, otherwise you would insist upon it in preference to mine. How can I marry you when it is all so one-sided as that, and what would our children think? It is hard enough to do right; to keep from sin and temptation. Look at my brother John, how we all struggled over him, and yet he went the wrong way in spite of us. How, then, can you expect children who see their own parents disagree to be brought up as they should be?"

"But if you look at the matter in that way, every marriage might be hopeless. If your brother John has turned out so poorly, how could we, even if we were both one in our belief, hope to have the result of our marriage any better? Do you not see that these matters we may not determine for ourselves? Perhaps if your brother John had had parents who did not agree he might have turned out better—he might have been more independent and courageous in his thought and have seen early in life that virtue is its own reward, and not have had it associated with a lot of unnecessary ceremonies."

"But there is something more than life to look forward to."

Her hand trembled as she laid it on his arm.

"Are you," she asked, "an"——

The word failed her.

"An infidel, an atheist, an agnostic?" he said. "No, not in the sense you mean it. I have a belief—the result of my life's experience. I know that if you understood it you would respect it. But I cannot explain it to you, because to do so would involve going over the whole field of thought. And it does not seem necessary."

"You are afraid to do so. You know that at heart you are wrong."

"No, dear. But I am willing to have you think I am wrong. It shall be your task, if you wish it, to convert me back to your own belief. In the meantime cannot we afford to forget all this? We love each other. Is that not enough?"

He put his arm about her. But she drew herself away.

"No," she said. "No, no. It is not enough. I cannot marry you. It would be wrong."

"You love me?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"You must."

"I cannot. It is against my life, my belief—and, then, there is father. Think?"

*The skin has
Texture
and must be
Cleansed as
a Textile*

Consider the skin
as a porous fabric.
Do you cleanse it as
a fabric, or merely
wash it off as
you would
a china
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"Suppose I see him?"

"And tell him the truth?"

"Certainly. Would you be satisfied to have him decide?"

"Yes. But I know only too well what he will say. He will never consent."

"Never mind. I can talk with him. Let us go at once."

He led the way down the hill. Indeed, his impatience got the better of him so that often he was obliged to restrain himself and turn and wait for her.

Once in the narrow hall in the parsonage they looked at each other calmly—their feelings too deep to express.

"I will tell him you wish to see him," she said.

"But no more."

"No more."

"And it shall be as he decides?"

"Yes."

The spare, ascetic face of the clergyman lighted up as his visitor entered his study—a small, conventional room with walls lined with black backed theological works, the window of which looked out on a back street.

"I am delighted to see you, sir. Be seated. I have often wished that you might drop in on me and have a quiet chat."

"I am afraid, sir, that I have been more than neglectful of you. My only excuse is that your daughter has claimed my time—or, rather, I have claimed hers, and now I have come to ask you for her—in dead earnest."

There was a short pause. The clergyman reached over and took idly in his hand a paper-cutter, tapping it mechanically on the desk.

"Ruth is very dear to me," he said at last. "She has been my mainstay. It will be hard to go along without her. But I presume I must bow to the inevitable. I have every reason to think that you will be a good husband to her. I know you, of course, by reputation as a man of attainments and worth in the community. Your future seems assured. I do not see that it would be wise for me to interpose any objection. If Ruth loves you, that should be enough."

He rose and extended his hand.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said. "Ruth is a good girl. She will make the best wife in the world."

"I thank you, but unfortunately there is another objection—one that had never occurred to me until I was brought face to face with it."

"And what may that be?"

"Your daughter is greatly troubled over the fact that I am not an orthodox Christian. She feels that our marriage under these circumstances would not be a happy one."

"She loves you, I presume?"

"I have every reason to believe so."

"And she wishes me"—

"To decide the matter."

The clergyman's face grew rigid with thought. Then he turned abruptly to the younger man. "What is your attitude?" he asked.

"I wish that I might be able to make it clear to you. I tried it with your daughter, and I am free to confess that she got the better of me. All she saw was that I was an outcast."

The clergyman's face was unusually pale.

"Go on," he said. "Speak freely. You have a right to your own side."

"My side is simple to one who understands. I do not know what I do not know. I have nothing tangible in the way of religion to offer, and this is the one thing against me. In other respects I am aiming at the best life to lead. I believe in practical morality. I do not believe in the inspirations of the Scriptures, or the whole tissue of miracle and superstition woven around the Christian scheme. I see no reason why a man should not lead a good life, if a good life is the wisest life to lead. I believe in building up one's character, not by prayer, but by training. I don't know whether I shall live hereafter or not. I have never seen any one who did know. And my experience is that while a good many people talk about it and seem to take an interest in it, in reality they don't give it much concern. If I had children I should bring them up to be honest, because in my opinion honesty is the best policy; and to be truthful, temperate, virtuous and cheerful because the common-sense of mankind has proven this to be the best course. I would endeavor to show them that to accomplish these ends they would have to rely upon themselves rather than upon some miracle supposed to be wrought by prayer. Personally I do not believe in being a miserable sinner. I do not see the necessity. If I am a drunkard, I am so by my own choice and not because I was necessarily born in sin. This is not intended to be an arrogance on my part. I do not believe that it is always easy to be immoral, simply because it is not easy to train our minds to think. No intelligent person robs or lies or becomes a drunkard, and as long as he perceives the fallacy of these methods, there is no danger for him in any of these courses. Ruth says her brother went wrong. He did so, then, from choice. He did so because he did not perceive certain distinctions early in life that he might have perceived had his education been different. This is not your fault necessarily. I"—

"I understand you perfectly."

"But you do not agree with me."

"I do. Listen."

The clergyman rose and turned the key in the door.

"Listen," he repeated. "Two years ago I was an orthodox clergyman, living here in this little town with no thought of anything save the care of my flock and the desire to serve my God. There was a large convention in a neighboring city. I attended. On Sunday I went to hear preach one of the admitted greatest theologians of the day—a man of wide learning and a leading exponent of the higher criticism. During that short hour and a half I heard words that up to that time I never believed possibly could emanate from any pulpit—words that electrified me—words that at first filled me with a sense of passionate resentment. The man, I said to myself, was a traitor to his God. And it was not so much what he actually said, as what he insinuated. It was what he left his hearers to infer between the lines of his sermon. Of course, I had known all this before. I was not unfamiliar with the intellectual weapons of Satan, and oftentimes in my country pulpit had I inveighed against the doubt and unrest and unbelief of the age, and all those subtle sophistries that seemed to me to be

taking such fast hold upon this day and generation. But somehow at this moment the words seemed to take on a real significance. They became flesh and blood. They would not down. They rose up in my mind again and again. I determined to fight the matter out—to be honest with myself—to give each side a hearing. My curiosity was roused as never before. I had no doubt at first of the outcome. It would be, it *must* be, a triumph for orthodoxy—for the vital religion of my fathers. But I would not spare myself. I would read everything that had been said on the other side, and thus fortified, I would vindicate my Gospel to the world.

"I lost no time. Sitting here in this study, for two years now alone with myself, I have gone over the entire field—science, philosophy, history, comparative philosophy, myths, rationalism—everything."

"And the result?"

"This—that I believe exactly as you do. I have discarded my religion—I could not help it. It was unavoidable."

The younger man looked keenly at his older companion, whose careworn face showed plainly the struggle that he had been through.

"It would have been better," he said gently, "if you had never heard that sermon—if you had gone on living your life, and expounding the truth as you believed it—for, after all, what is the Truth? It is only that which each one of us sincerely believes in. Now you are obliged to dwell in an atmosphere that must at times be stifling to you. Why do you not rebel? Why do you not come out boldly and proclaim yourself? Are you afraid?"

"Not for myself. Why should I be? But for Ruth. Her brother's downfall has wrought upon her exceedingly. She believes in me implicitly as the very spirit and soul of her religion. It was I who taught it all to her. Her gentle woman's nature, entirely remote from the spirit of critical analysis, believes and trusts to the utmost. I have built up in her an abiding faith that shall last I know unto the end. To lead her on still further through the intellectual Slough of Despond through which you and I have traveled would be impossible. And so for her sake I must go on—as I appear to be."

He leaned over heavily with his face sternly set in his hands and gazed out of the window, where a little child was romping with a hoop. The young man at his side rose. He looked down in the face of his companion—in his own eyes a new light of sympathy.

"I, too, understand," he said simply. "Each one of us is right. It cannot be otherwise. It is one of those inevitable things that happen—why, we cannot tell."

Then he went softly out—out through the hall—out through the door where she stood at the gate looking beyond, beyond, over the distant church spire.

He held out his hand. There was no trembling of his voice.

"Was I not right?" she said quietly, the old Puritan light shining in her eyes.

"Yes. Your father has decided against me. Good-by."

She dropped his hand.

(This story is concluded on page 270)

For Baby's Bath

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Will you aid nature to fulfill this promise, or will you unwittingly stand in her way?

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It soothes and gently stimulates while it cleanses.

Pond's Extract Soap

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Made by Connoisseurs—for Connoisseurs—sold on merit alone—these cigarettes are now the choice of those who discriminate.

My enthusiasm over these cigarettes is due entirely to my knowledge of them and of cigarettes in general. I admit I am a crank on the subject. I have been a crank on smoke for twenty years. When I talk about smoke I am talking from the smoker's standpoint—your standpoint and mine, as smoke cranks—and not as a manufacturer. I am a smoker first and a manufacturer afterward.

I started the manufacture of these goods strictly because that was the only way to be sure that my friends and myself were going to be supplied with them regularly. If you know anything about the uncertainties of importing from Russia, you know I speak facts.

I am now extending the sale of Makaroff Russian Cigarets to my other friends—the ones I haven't seen, but who are my friends just the same, because they like the good things of life as I do.

Nearly every box of Makaroff Russian Cigarets discovers one of these friends for me. I seldom fail to get a hearty handshake by return mail. The friends I get I keep. That's why I can afford to take all the risk of pleasing you, and I do it.

Makaroff Russian Cigarets are offered to connoisseurs (another name for cranks) on the basis of smoking quality alone. They have got to please you, as a particular smoker, better than anything you have ever smoked before, or I don't want a cent. They are made of pure, clean, sweet tobacco, the finest and highest priced Russian and Turkish growths blended scientifically by our own Russian blenders. The Russians are the only real artists at cigaret blending—don't forget that.

These cigarettes are blended, made and aged as old wines are by men with traditions of quality to live up to—men who have spent their lives at it and who have generations of experience back of them.

Every cigaret is made by hand. Every one is inspected before packing. I pass personally on the smoking quality of every lot of tobacco blended. We use the thinnest paper ever put on a cigaret.

Note this particularly—it's a big point. These cigarettes will leave in your office or apartments no trace of the odor usually associated with cigarettes. I defy anybody who approves the odor of any good smoke to object to the odor of these cigarettes. (You know what the usual cigaret odor is like.)

Another thing—you can smoke these cigarettes day in and day out without any of that nervousness or ill feeling which most smokers are familiar with as a result of ordinary cigaret smoking. This is straight talk and I mean it. These cigarettes won't hurt you and you owe it to yourself to find it out for yourself.

The cigarettes are packed in cedar boxes, one hundred to the box—done up like the finest cigars.

Your Own Monogram

in gold will be put on your cigarettes just as soon as you have tried them out and want them regularly.

I will gladly send you full information about these cigarettes, but talk is deaf and dumb compared with actually smoking them. Smoke is the final test.

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Send me your order for a trial hundred of the size and value you prefer. Try the cigarettes—smoke the full hundred if you wish. If you don't like them say so and your money will be instantly returned. You need not trouble to return any of the cigarettes. I will take my chances on your giving any you don't want to some one who will like them and who will order more.

I knew that American connoisseurs would be quick to follow Europeans in recognizing the absolute superiority in smoking quality of Russian Cigarets. My sales prove it.

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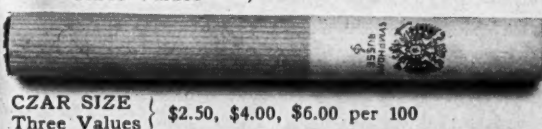
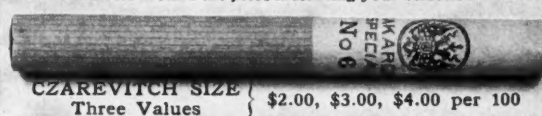
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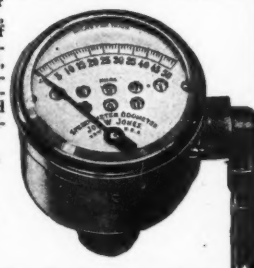
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The Greenland whale often lives 400 years.

There are 200 kinds of patent horseshoes.

In Ireland it rains 208 days in the year.

"Good-by," she said.

She watched him long and silently as he walked slowly down the village street. Then she turned and went into the house. Her father, standing on the threshold of his study, held out his arms to her. *T. M.*

A KANSAS woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley, of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of \$250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote:

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Railroad Man's Prayer

THE following is the text of a "railroad man's prayer," pasted on the fireman's side of the switch engine in the Northern Pacific yards in Spokane:

"Now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp of prudence, make all the couplings with the link of love, and let my handlamp be the Bible, and keep all switches closed that

lead off the main line into the sidings with blind ends. Have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. Give me the Ten Commandments as a working card, and when I have finished the run on schedule time and pulled into the terminal, may Thou, superintendent of the universe, say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; come into the general office to sign the payroll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

An Errand of Mercy

DEEPLY impressed recently by an address given at Brighton on the evils of smoking, a young minister rose and said that that morning he had had a present of 100 cigars, one of them he had smoked, but he now determined to go home and throw the rest into the fire. Thereupon a Baptist minister arose and said that he meant to accompany his reverend brother.

"My intention," he added, "is to rescue the ninety and nine."—*London Tribune*.



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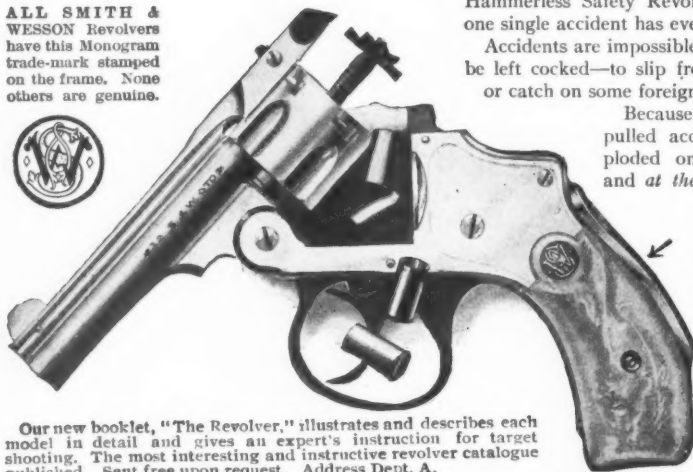
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"Legal Foolishness"

That decision may be a good law, however, but with all due respect to the court, it is mighty poor sense. If theatrical managers can bar out critics that do not please them, pretty soon they will be refusing admission to all critics that will not give a bond to write a favorable report of the show. Since the public depends to a certain extent upon the critics for its knowledge of the performance, and often waits to hear what they have to say before patronizing attractions, this is something that the people have an interest in.

It is to be hoped that the Metcalfe case will be carried to a higher court, and that this court will develop common sense enough to give a reasonable decision on the case.—*Duluth Herald.*

Curtailling Freedom of the Press

There was no allegation that Metcalfe misconducted himself and the sole objection to him was that he wrote and published criticisms that were not acceptable to the managers composing what is known as the "Syndicate." If the decision of the Appellate Division is to be regarded as final, managers may debar all critics whose writings are displeasing. It is to be hoped the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals, which may take a different view. If the law is as this decision represents it there will be reason to demand that it be modified in the interest of the freedom of the press, which should not be curtailed in this direction.—*Troy Press.*

Not in That Half

The decision of the New York Supreme Court that the Theatrical Trust has a perfect right to exclude James S. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of LIFE, from its theaters is, of course, another blow at the independence and dignity of dramatic criticism, but the lowering of the critical estate below its present level is not thereby so marked as Mr. Metcalfe would have us believe. For one thing at least, half the critics in New York have long submitted to the advance arrangement of their opinions by the business offices of their publications, standing committed to the pussy foot policy of wriggling between popular contempt and trust disapproval.—*Waterbury American.*

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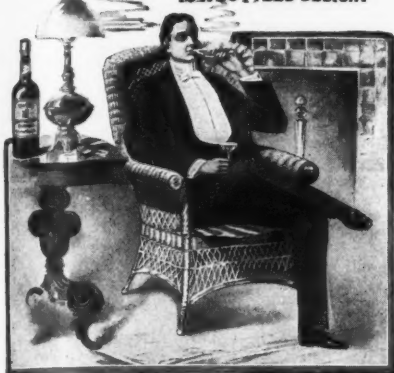
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A Southern View

A theater may be in law a private place, but in ethics and education it is full of public bearings. To say that public education and public morals in a theater are beyond public supervision is certainly a bit surprising, and it suggests the need of several curb bits on the theatrical steed. A theater has long been considered a public place, and not a few laws are based on that assumption in the States and even in the Federal Government. The New York decision as it stands is almost a revolution, and if it is to stand for good it behooves all to know who it is that controls their amusements and stage education. The dictators of the stage are, under the New York decision, men who have no bosses, no superiors, who, in fact, need not tolerate critics on the spot. This is a wide departure from plans and views that had almost become custom.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Herald.*

No Question of a "Free Pass"

The decision, while applying to one State, seems likely to prove far-reaching. Regarded as a precedent, it tends to disestablish the long-cherished popular belief that the theater is a public place and that managers may not exclude persons who behave themselves. If the New York Appellate Division is right, the fact is radically wrong, since the public must depend upon the newspapers for information concerning the character and quality of given plays and players, and since, under the decision noted, any manager might, because of a fancied grievance, exclude those who pursue the calling of criticising plays for the public prints. Hitherto it has been possible for the newspaper writer denied the accustomed managerial courtesy of a free pass to purchase a seat, and in this way the newspaper-reading public has been furnished light upon dramatic and other presentations, whether the managers wished it or not.—*York Dispatch.*

Critics Must Mask

The Metcalfe case will make for anonymous criticism. The only way to gag the press is to lock the theater door. Or will the box-office Caesar stand, owl-eyed, picking out the dangerous faces as they pass?

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Your Caesar wants sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights. But can he keep the serpent out of his paradise—of hours?—*Springfield Republican.*

If Not a Conspiracy, What?

The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court has decided that a combination of theater managers banded together to exclude Critic Metcalfe, of LIFE, from theaters in New York City have not conspired in a legal sense. Possibly not. But what has happened is clear. The Theatrical Trust has punished candid criticism by barring reputable dramatic writers, and has managed to drive others from their posts. The net result is a standard of dramatic criticism discreditable to the city and bad for the American stage. If it was not a conspiracy, it was a most effective combination, by which a respectable person, though he holds a ticket in his hand, can be shut out of the theater as if a private house.—*Boston Record.*

What Will the Harvest Be?

It will be interesting to note the effect of this decision or dramatic criticism in New York, as it follows that any manager whose play receives an adverse review may debar the offending critic whether or not he has, to the best of his ability, told the honest truth.—*Massillon Independent.*

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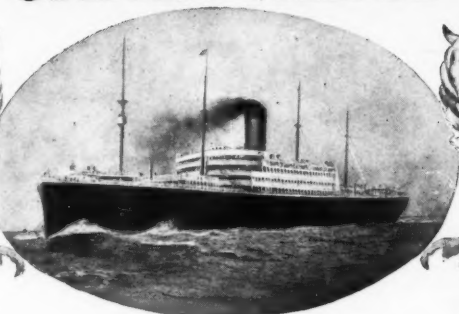
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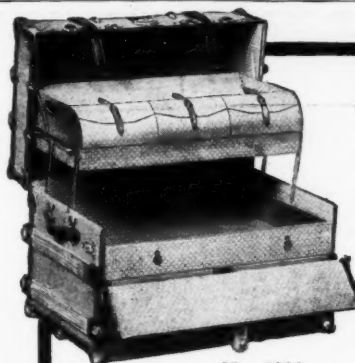
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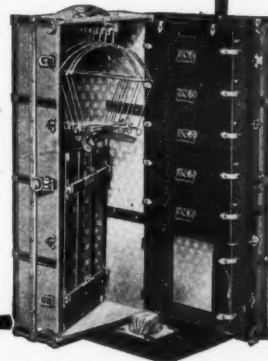
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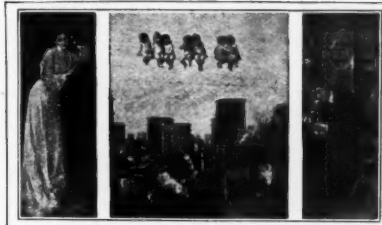
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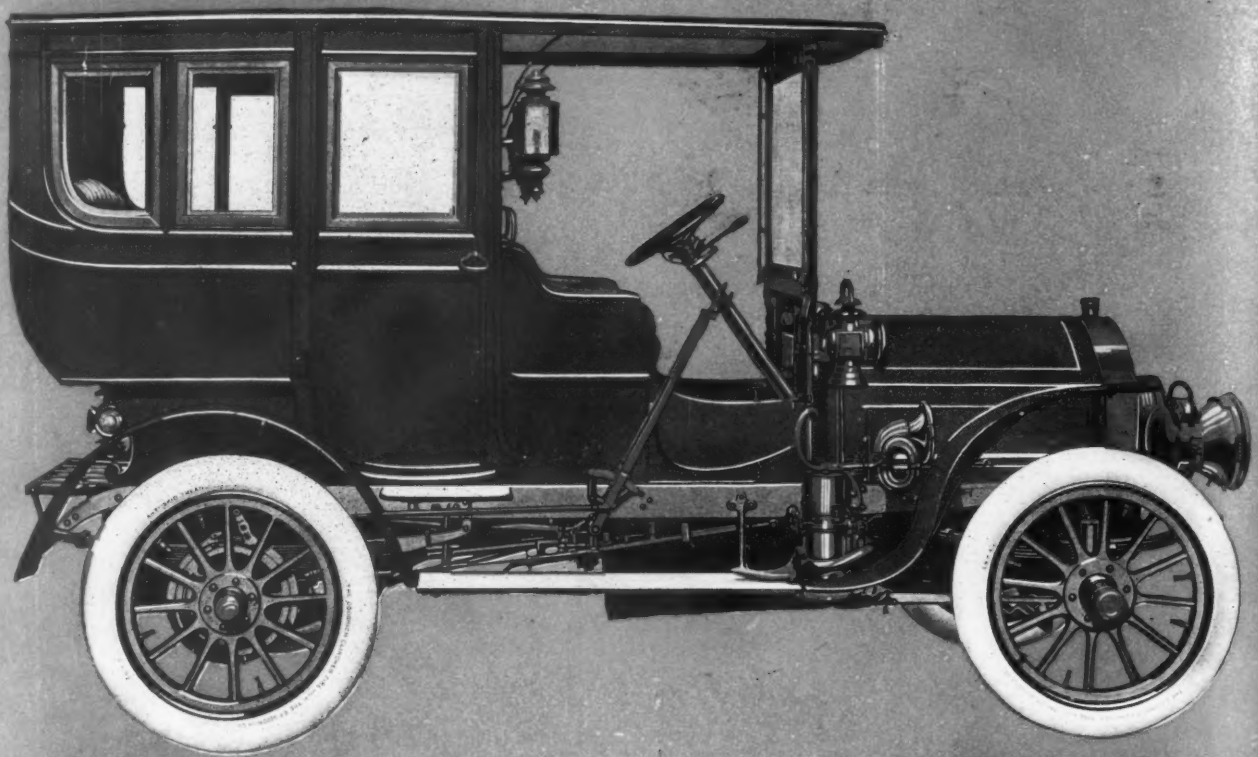


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